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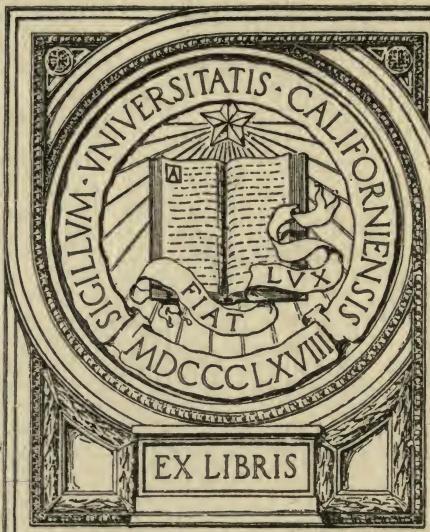
TO MY WIFE

GIFT OF



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To
The University of California
With great respect.
Allen Kendrick Wright

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ENTRE NOUS

Volumes have been written to sweethearts and mothers while the light of Love grows dim upon the wife's altar and souls yearn and hearts starve for expressions of affection and tenderness that fed the very life during courtship.

If this book shall cause husbands to renew their Love and devotion and walk again in Joy-Lanes of sentiment, lead wives to the happiness and delight of perennial courtship, and help to make home the brightest spot on earth, then the writer will have great reward.

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1913
BY A. K. WRIGHT

To My Wife:

With love and gratitude for the joys and happiness you have brought me.

Your Lover-Husband.

To My Wife

POEMS

BY

ALLEN KENDRICK WRIGHT

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

1913

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SENTIMENT

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OUR WEDDING DAY.

Oh day of days, our Wedding day!
  Oh day of joy and light;
When hearts are full of kindly cheer,
When Heaven seemeth very near,
When all is love without a fear
  And not a cloud in sight.

Oh day of days, our Wedding day,
  Oh day of joy and gladness;
As clouds grow gold before the sun,
As crystal streams together run
Two souls are blending into one
  With not a tinge of sadness.

Oh day of days, our Wedding day,
  Glad day to mortals given;
As heart to heart and hand in hand
Two souls before God's altar stand,
Together cross the borderland
  And enter into Heaven.

SAILING ON TOGETHER.

If I have you and you have me,
  Why should we be caring,
We will sail life's summer sea,
  Joy and sorrow sharing;
Bravely meet the swelling tide,
  Whate'er the wind or weather,
Swiftly outward safe we ride,
  Sailing on together.

A sapphire vault the sky above,
  Cloudlets floating o'er us;
Softly sings the bird of love,
  We will join the chorus;
Raise your voice so sweet, my dear,
  'Twill help a friend or brother,
Doing good we've naught to fear,
  Sailing on together.

Emerald seas on every side,
  Too deep for mortal sounding,
We are floating on a tide,
  With life and love abounding;

When our sailing here is done,
  All past earth's wind and weather,
We shall surely still be one,
  Sailing on together.

Till we reach that mystic clime,
  Life's secrets all revealing,
And catch the glory of the chime,
  Love's golden bells are pealing;
Or what to me is more sublime,
  (I often think I'd rather)
Come back to earth a second time,
  And sail again together.

MY QUEEN

I've found a royal woman's heart,
  Within whose chambered deeps
The Light of heaven (Love and Trust),
  Its holy vigil keeps:
Surpassing great in every realm
  Of woman's power and might,
She fills and thrills and thralls with love
  This most unworthy knight.

With matchless grace of mind and heart
  And face of radiant joy,
She leads me on to manhood's bliss;
  I am no more a boy;
I've passed the line where darkness falls;
  Mid splendor passing bright,
I walk with her by spirit power
  In realms of glorious light.

Tho absent far, still she is near,
  I claim her now as mine
And feel the power of love-lit eyes
  Advancing toward the shrine

Where ruby lips and offering lays
('Tis ecstacy and bliss)
To hold her close within my arms,
And give her kiss for kiss.

"And they of twain shall be one flesh"
Nor more divided be,
But one completed perfect whole,
By law of love set free;
I give myself (an offering small),
By any, every test,
Her greatness, goodness, royal powers,
Can well supply the rest.

MY WISH FOR THEE

I would that today through woodland ways
By the pools of a sparkling river
Where autumn leaves a carpet weaves,
That with shadows and sunlight quiver,
You might slowly walk and quietly talk
With the soul of your own soul's choosing,
Or rest on the leas 'neath the stately trees,
While soul held soul in a double musing.

I would that for thee 'midst wild-flowers
and trees,
Forgotten all heartaches and sorrow
The prophet of ways for thy life's autumn
days
Naught could picture but a sweeter to-
morrow.
Till a beauty and glow like the autumn
days throw
Over woodlands and swift flowing river,
Reflected should be in soul chosen by thee,
And your soul should be mated forever.

MY ANCHOR.

Her life is pure and true and sweet,
Her actions wise, her tongue discreet,—
A woman, rich, full-orbed, complete,
My anchor.

An angel? No: But better far,
A blessed light and guiding star
To lead where truth and goodness are,
My anchor.

As southern sea 'neath tropic skies
In peace and calm and beauty lies,
Affection floods her hazel eyes,
My anchor.

As southern sea a swelling flood
Rolls wide and high in stormy mood,—
She warms my heart and stirs my blood,
My anchor.

My strongest hope, save God, alway,
My cheer and blessing day by day
I cannot drift, I would not stray,
My anchor.

When time and earthly sense are past
On shores redeemed she stands at last,
O may my lot with hers be cast,
My anchor.

MY BELOVED IS WAITING FOR ME.

Beyond the mountains and purple hills
With their cataracts white and laughing rills
Is a scene that my heart with rapture thrills,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

In the dear home nest with the laddies three,
Gathered at eve 'round Mother's knee
Prayer is made each night "The Lord keep thee,"
My Beloved is waiting for me.

The light gleams far from the capitol dome
But a brighter light is shining at Home,

A love-light reaching wherever I roam,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

Through darkest night and noon-tide glare
The train rushes on through the amber air,—
Storm or sunshine, why should I care,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

'Mid all the stress and trouble of Life,
I can conquer sin, temptation and strife,
If God keeps safe my Beloved Wife,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

Far up the heights to noblest things
She attains with ease, as if by wings:
With accents sweet her rich voice rings,—
My Beloved is waiting for me.

Between her soul and my spirit's tide
Is a gulf that runs both deep and wide;
In the flesh alone I am at her side,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

Upon the heights that I have not scaled
She walks in His presence with soul unveiled,—
The blood that cleanses with her has prevailed,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

If spirit touch spirit beyond the sea
And mine like hers from sin be free,
That could not other than heaven be,
My Beloved is waiting for me.

Should God call her before I go,
I more than believe (I surely know),
In the land where living waters flow,
My Beloved will wait for me.

I'M LONGING FOR YOU.

We have splendid mornings bright and
fair,—
With cloudless skies and tonic air,—
And scenic beauty everywhere,—
But oh, I'm longing for you.

At sultry noon a dreamy spell,
Whose languorous ease no words can tell,
Comes o'er my soul (I love it well),
But still I'm longing for you.

There are twilight hours of wondrous
calm,—
That fall o'er mind and heart like balm,—
Or rhythm and flow of sacred psalm,
But still I'm longing for you.

There is work to do and plans to lay,—
There is cark and busy care all day,—
But still my thought will flee away,—
Dear heart, I'm longing for you.

Foul or fair, by land or sea,—
Best or worst, whate'er it be,—

Counts for naught away from thee,—
Evermore, I'm longing for you.

Your love makes bright each darkened way,—
Your presence gladdens every day,—
I'm lonesome when from you I stay,—
Sweet wife, I'm longing for you.

LOVE'S ETHICS.

The light of life I daily find
In her sweet hazel eyes,
Shines strong and clear adown my path,
Illumines all my skies.
Brings heaven down and makes me lose
All sense of toil and pain,
Her bond-slave, yet I truly sing
Love's free exultant strain.

I've won her hand, stole her heart,
Did change her own good name,
But still she wears a smiling face,
Will not give up the game;

A hug purloined, some kisses stole,—
I am in criminal state;
She says I am a noble man,—
She really calls me "Great."

There's just one thing that I could do
To make her think me bad,
Tho well she knows that I have won
Most everything she had:
A plunger bold in Love's Wall Street,
Her lips with scorn would curl,
If I should go on some fair night
To court another girl.

A SUMMER IDYL.

On a summer night
By a starlit sea
Where the waves rolled high and grand,
And the breakers white
In flashing surf
Surged high along the strand;

On a rustic bench
Sat a woman fair,
And a man sat by her side;
And passing sweet
In the amber-glow
Was the voice of the restless tide.

But sweeter far
Than the amber-glow
Or the voice of sea or land
Was the woman's voice
In tones of love
And the touch of that woman's hand.

Oh! The mystic spell
No words can tell

That the love of the woman weaves,
In the heart of the man
Through days and years
Or the joy her presence gives.

There's a woman's room
In the house at Home
In the cottage on the hill,
And a man that prays
At a woman's shrine
"That blessings her life may fill."

Dear heart, true heart,
O Sweetheart mine,—
"The Lord grant in wasteless measure
Thy heart's desires,
Rest, strength and peace,
Long years' unfading pleasure."

AN OLD BLUE WRAPPER.

She was with me thru the summer
At the camp upon the hill;
And we always sat together
Thru the twilight soft and still;
With her head upon my shoulder
And our hearts together blent,
Sometimes singing, often laughing
Both lives full of sweet content.

When the summer time had faded
Into autumn crisp and cool,
Then, she and the laddies left me
For the lads must be in school.
O, the way was long and dreary
As alone to camp I went,
Till I saw her old blue wrapper
She'd left hanging in my tent.

It was faded, worn and dusty,
Couldn't sell it for a cent,
But my eyes with diamonds dazzled
When I saw it in my tent:

Yes, it was an unmatched treasure
Just a breath from heaven sent,
And I hugged that old blue wrapper
She'd left hanging in my tent.

OUR BOYS.

Oh! Bless the boys! The baby boys,
  In long white skirts and dresses;
With rosy cheeks and dimpled hands—
  With curls and golden tresses.
And bless the boys some later on
  In kilts and knickerbockers;
They rode the dining chairs for steeds,
  Made railroad trains of rockers.

Then bless the boys with bat and ball,
  With marbles, tops; with bows and arrows;
When sick with croup—with colic wild
  We trod with them life's narrows;
And bless the boys when school days came,
  When first from home they started;

Both glad and sad we watched them go.
Our Babies had departed.

Ah, no! They are our Babies still,
Though near to manhood grown;
Each day they draw around our hearts
New ties before unknown.
Each day we love them more and more;
They bring our deepest joys;
God keep them safe for earth and Heaven,
Our own sweet darling boys.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Just four and twenty years ago
And youth was in its prime,
When first I met your smiling face
That glad Thanksgiving time.
We husked some corn, baked some pies
Together sang a song.
At night we played all sorts of games,
Yes, played them fast and long.

The "Needle's Eye" that did supply
Some threads that ran quite true,

And many a lass did I let pass,
My heart was set on catching you.
"Virginia Reel" and "Trip Along Joe"
Sweet Ruth in a field of clover;
Jacob blind, yet seeing some.
"Put him in a boat and sail him over."

I think the spell began to work
As we did sing, "Dark is the Night."
But lo! The day was speeding on,—
A day most fair and wondrous bright.
The day our masks were laid aside
The old, old story ever new,
I read within your hazel eyes,
My gray ones said the same to you.

Since then we've lived, my precious wife,
Both joy and sorrow sharing,
Some twenty years of blessed life
Adown Life's pathway faring.
With love and joy we travel on:
Where'er our earthly paths shall lay,
Fond memory turns to one glad morn,—
That far-off first Thanksgiving day.

JUST WORRYIN'.

I am sorry, very sorry
For this blight that's come on you;
Yes, my nerves are all a-worry
And I sympathize, I do:
For this awful thing that's fallen
Without fault upon your part,
Tho, I cannot lift your burden
Still lies heavy on my heart.

Summer's gone, the season ended,
Yet this growth must be endured—
Every doctor that attended
Says this kind cannot be cured;
So your courage must be stronger
As you battle with your woes.
You cannot conceal it longer
There's a freckle on your nose.

LOVE'S WIRELESS.

It flashes from her sparkling eyes,
I caught it from her finger-tips;
It came (as lightning from the skies)
When first I kissed her rosy lips.

Love thrilled her song with tender strain;
Love glinted from her waving hair;
By day—by night, Love's sweet refrain
Now breaks in music everywhere.

APPRECIATION

A WINSOME LASSIE.

Nebraska's rose-blown prairies
Where plays the summer wind;
'Twas there a winsome lassie
Did promise to be mine,—
Did promise to be mine,—
Her eyes were hazel-brown
And for this winsome lassie
E'en life I would lay down.

Her soul is white as lilies
Her heart is true and clean,
Of all Nebraska's fairies
She easy was the queen,—
She easy is the queen,—
And fairer grows each day
And upon this fair queen's altars
My all I gladly lay.

For more than twenty summers
She now my life hath blessed,
And yet each season seemeth
Much sweeter than the last,—

Much sweeter than the last,—
And she is divinely fair,
Some day I know they'll want her,
For an angel over there.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Go scour the earth and sweep the land;
Go search the angels' quiet home,
Go visit all the shining stars
That gleam in Heaven's sapphire dome.
Go bring the wealth of ages past,
Earth's jewels rare,—all works of Art,—
Bring all the songs of seraph choir,
Then go and win a woman's heart.
Go place them in a balance fine,
All treasures gleaned from everywhere,
The wealth of stars and seas and land,
All works of art and jewels rare;
Against them weigh a woman's heart
A heart of love to hold in thrall;
You will find a Christian woman's Love
Will surely far outweigh them all.

MY JOLLY LITTLE WIFE.

She is sweeter far than honey,
  And as pure as morning dew,
She is fairer than the fairest
  Calla lily ever grew.
She fills my heart with rapture,
  And she drives away the blue,—
That jolly little Sweet-Wife mine.

Just to kiss her ruby lips
  Makes me tingle with delight,
So I kiss her in the morning,
  And I kiss her noon and night,
For it seems to make her happy,
  And it keeps me feeling right
When I kiss that Sweet-Wife mine.

She is a splendid little lady
  With a tender love-lit eye,
That she winks at me quite often
  When nobody else is nigh,—
When my working-day is over,
  To her arms I quickly fly,
To that jolly Sweet-Wife mine.

She is a fair and gentle woman
With a sunny, happy face,
With a heart that's true and loving,
Filled with every heavenly grace,
She makes my home so happy,
Just the dearest, sweetest place,
That jolly little Sweet-Wife mine.

MOTHER.

With white face drawn with pain
My sweet wife lay near death;
A baby's cry, and once again
I felt our first-born's breath:
Just holding fast life's finger tips,
My grief I could not smother
As I pressed a kiss on her pallid lips
And the new, sweet name—Mother.

Then opened wide her wondrous eyes
With a questioning look of love,
And swift as messengers down the skies,
(From the great white throne above)

There flitted a smile, beyond compare
Not seen on the face of another
As she gazed on baby lying there,
This sweet-faced, Christian mother.

No other name so sweet of earth,
No other heart so tender,
No other life so full of worth
As my baby's sweet defender.
None other can with her compare
Not sister, friend, nor brother;
With this queenly being, wondrous fair,
And my children call her—mother.

MY SEVEN GRACES.

To my own little sweetheart,
Twenty-seven years my wife:
You are the trimmest little craft
That ever sailed the sea of life.
With common sense for ballast
And patience for your sail,
You are my blessed life-boat,
With strength for every gale.

If I followed your sweet wisdom
We have sailed 'neath sunny skies,
With the very light of heaven
Glowing in your laughing eyes.
If I turned from your advising,
Met disasters swift and wide,
You have always come to rescue—
You have stilled both wind and tide.

You have kindness and a courage
That can pierce the darkest night,
With a faith that never falters,
Speeding upward to the light.

You have rare and helpful knowledge
And a godliness, above
All that I have found in women,
With a pure and steadfast love.

You have poise and deep emotion,
With a wondrous self-control,
And an absolute devotion
To the right, within your soul.
So I find my seven graces,
Crown and glory of my life,
Set with charm and living beauty
In my sunny christian wife.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

'Twas very small, a baby's nest,
(Ten feet or less by seven)
Yet large enough to hold earth's best,
And all, I think, of heaven;
Where Mother sewed and Mother cried,
And all our tears of sorrow dried,
With tender loving kisses.

From out this room at morn we went,
All girded for life's work or play,
And here we always were content,
To rest awhile at close of day;
Its peace and calm our footsteps lured,
And all our aches and pains were cured,
By Mother's pats and kisses.

Oh, blessed spot to memory dear,
Oh, land of childhood's matchless dreams;
Thy memory still my heart doth cheer,
Still thru my soul thy glory streams;
Where quickly cured was every grief,

And Mother's presence brought relief,
With low sung lullabys and kisses.

Oh, Mother dear, my heart doth yearn,
To know thy voice and love again,
And oft thru memory still I turn,
To thy dear arms for ease from pain—
To have thine arms around me thrown—
And call me once again thine own,
And bless my face with kisses.

God grant that Mother's room,
Again may be my habitation;
When far beyond all clouds and gloom,
Long past earth's strong vexation,
Oh, lead me then to Mother's room,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the tomb,
My Mother's room in Heaven.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

I have no gold, my sweetheart true;
I cannot send you jewels bright;
But I will write and send to you
Some things I thot last night.

My wife is sweeter far than when
I first beheld her matchless face;
Tho, I'll confess, that even then
She seemed the all of womanly grace.

She's larger now, her face more fair,
More plump her neck and arms;
She has to be, I do declare,
To carry added charms.

You wonder why this queenly aide
Has now a somewhat double chin?
Why, that's a place that nature made
To store some added sweetness in.

Her dimpled cheeks and sunny eyes
Still play at Love's sweet game;
They are just "Gates of Paradise"
Called by another name.

Of all good things she is the sum,—
An essence all divine;
A heavenly herald, she has come,
This wondrous wife of mine.

To tell her age I won't decline;
Tho forty summers lie between
Her birthday and this present time,
To me, she's "Sweet Sixteen."

LOG BOOK.

Monday;

Yes, the dear one is coming home,—
Her glad face I soon shall see;
For more than twenty years her coming
Has brighter made the days for me.

Tuesday;

Another morning full of glory
Floods the earth and fills the skies:
A brighter light and sweeter story
I soon shall see in her hazel eyes.

Wednesday;

Nearer still and yet still nearer
Comes the day with languorous pace;
Dearer still and yet still dearer
Comes the vision of her face.

Thursday;

Thirty hours! Oh shrink the measure!
Even now she is on the train,
And I soon will have the treasure
Safe within my arms again.

Friday;

Six hours more,—then a meeting
That will mean new zest to life:
Happy hours! Oh joyful greeting,
My own beloved, matchless Wife.

Friday, 11 A. M.

Dull care, go back, way back, sit down!
Let gladness rule; Emma will soon be here
Her train is whistling now at Perris Town.
Boys, hitch up, and Cheer, Cheer, Cheer.

MUVER SAID, AND MUVER KNOWS.

When I was short and wore long dresses,
Instead of shoes to hide my toes,
And on my head was down, not tresses,
Muver said, and Muver knows,
That I was "sweeter'n all the honey,
And worf much more'n all the money,
In all the world;" now don't be funny,
'N'at's what Muver said, and Muver knows.

When I got big,—was almost five,
And teased my bruvers and aunties, too,
'N'ey'd say "My gracious sakes alive,
You need a shakin', yes you do,"
An'en they called me naughty Sue,
'N' papa said he guessed 'twas true;
But Muver said, I sweeter grew,
'N'at's what Muver said, and Muver knows.

'N' when I was just sixteen,
I had the nicest, sweetest beaux

'At anybody'd ever seen,
'N' he stayed later'n Muver knows,
'N' Muver said it wasn't fun,
To have that fellow stay till one,
She said she'd guess he'd better run,
'N'at's what Muver said, but Muver don't know.

THE HOMEWARD TRAIL.

The homeward trail is calling,
To the kiss and the sunny smile,
Where peace and calm are falling,
And living is worth the while;
There's help in time of trouble,
There's love that's deep and strong,
A face that more than doubles
My joys the whole day long.

There's a something (can't define it)
That races my being thru,
(If I would I couldn't decline it),
That comes along with you;

That lifts me out of the present,
  That brings content and rest,
That makes my way all pleasant,
  And every day most blest.

There's something about you, darling,
  That's more than a "woman's way;"
Rich as the song of a starling,
  On wing at the break of day,
That inspires to noble endeavour,
  The pure, the good, the true,
Thru days and years—forever,
  I'm looking upward to you.

Sometimes I catch the vision,
  Then it's off and away again,
And my soul is left at tension,
  That is close akin to pain;
Then the lilt of rapturous glory,
  Of your sunny hazel eyes,
As a sweet and happy story,
  Lifts me up to the skies.

So the homeward trail keeps calling,

My pulse beats wild and high,
To my soul is this absence galling,
As the days drag slowly by;
So over the hills and mountains,
To the ocean's shoreless blue,
To the soul-inspiring fountains
Of a love that is strong and true.

Forever, this call is coming,
To the home in the unseen land,
And ever my heart turns homing,
Led by your loving hand;
I long for the peace and quiet,
Your presence brings to me,
Your rocker with mine close by it,
To rest, sweet rest, with thee.

WOMANHOOD.

Oh, womanhood! Divinely fair!
How oft I bow before thy shrine
To offer up an earnest prayer
For thy sweet graces to be mine.
Thy patient faith, thy sunny love,
Thy courage strong, and tender, too;
Thy wisdom, that is from above—
All these, and more, I find in you.

Oh, may I some sweet lesson learn
Of hope and trust from murmurs free.
Thru days and years my heart doth yearn
For virtues that abound in thee.
You bring us charm and beauty's glow—
You gladden all our earthly life.
Most men would to the devil go
Without a loving sunny wife.

To make us strong, to hold us true,
For all that men should do or be,
Oh, Womanhood! We turn to you
The help-mate true, God gave us thee:

In this old world, the mighty joy
That floods and flames all earthly life,—
The mother gives unto her boy—
The husband gains it from his wife.

TELL HER SO.

Would you make this old world better,
Give your wife a loving smile,
Tell her she's your true love-letter
That she makes your life worth while.
Tell her she's a matchless fairy
Whom the angels might adore;
Queen of graces, winsome, airy
And you love her more and more.

Tell her that her words and actions
Are angelic every day.
Do not serve your praise in fractions
Give your largest words full sway.
Praise her, till her soul's a-tingle,
Eyes a-sparkling—cheeks aglow.

That is what you did while single,
Do it now; 'twill please her so.

Kiss her when to work you're starting.
Likewise when returned at noon.
Make your after-dinner parting
Fresh as May, but warm as June.
When the day's hard work is over
In the tender after glow,
Be again an ardent lover,
Sit up close and tell her so.

Tell your wife the old, old story,
Rightly told 'tis ever new.
It will thrill her life with glory
Softly spoken, tender, true;
Be a lover-husband really,
Sing your love song sweet and low.
Say you love her—say it freely,
While she's living, tell her so.

ANNIVERSARY

SIXTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Ever gentle, kind and loving,
Much of sunshine you have brought.
Many words of wisdom giving,
And never with a selfish thought.

Thus it is that God has blessed me,
Held for me this gift so rare.
"O My Father! All this life through,
May she still my portion be;

All my hopes and joys to share,—
Still my own sweet Wife so true."
What a blessing, what a pleasure,
Real and true (No false displaying),

In every act her love confessing.
God, I thank Thee for this treasure.
Here I say, and in the saying,
Tell the truth, you are a blessing.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

A birthday greeting dear, for thee
My sweet and lovely wife.
Thru all the long and trying years
Thru days of hope and nights of fears
By smiles of joy and smiles of tears,
You've lived a wondrous life.

What e'er the veiled future brings
Thy past is safe,—all glorious:
So strong thy faith, so sweet thy trust
With never taint of sin or lust,—
I know full well, thy Saviour must,
Write o'er thy past—"Victorious."

Dear, dear wife, accept from me
This wish and earnest prayer:
"My Father give thee many years,—
With more of hope and less of fears,—
More smiles of joy, with less of tears,—
And always less of care."

TWENTY-SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Happy day of golden sunshine,
Two and twenty years agone
When at your old home in Filmore
Parson Elliott made us one;
But the present and the future
Dearer joys hold for me,
And this earth is a sunlit Eden
While I walk, dear wife, with thee.

Ever blessed are the memories,
Of that spring-time wedding day
When beneath the drooping lashes
Tender sweet the love-light lay;
As before the marriage altar
Fairest of the fair you stood;
Wondrous fair, a perfect model
Of the noblest womanhood.

Dimpled cheeks with roses tinted,
Soft brown hair in shining bands;
Soft and low the vows were spoken

Joining lives and hearts and hands
Grace in every word and action,
White and fair the sunny brow,
Of all women then the fairest,
To me thou art much fairer now.

Really never dreamed I, dearest,
How much joy and pleasure true,
Future days and years should bring me
If I walked thru life with you.
Never dreamed that earthly seasons,
Best or worst, what e'er they be,
Could be fraught with such a gladness
As my life has been with thee.

In your hazel eyes sweet wisdom
Lies, as well as love and truth,
For ideals high have swayed your life
From days of sunny youth;
And sweeter, larger, stronger grown,
These two and twenty years,
You truly have a help-mate been
To banish grief and fears.

While struggling on from day to day
Adown Life's rugged road,
'Tis only fair and just to say,
"You've carried half the load:"
And sometimes more than half, I know,
Upon your heart was laid,
But then you went to God in prayer
And came back undismayed.

And when the days to me were dark,
Or I was cross and blue,
You often came from that same shrine
With strength enough for two;
And led me back to better ways,
To days all fair and bright,
Then softly said, "Dear husband mine,
I knew 'twould all come right."

Come right it did, you made it come
By faith and earnest trying,
When others would have said, "No use,"
Then quit and gone to crying.
I tell you, Lass, I know a lot

Of things that you have done,
To smooth my way and strengthen faith
In God's beloved son.

And many have by you been won
To higher Christian life,
That I received the credit for
Since you have been my wife.
I tell you this, this wedding day,
Because I know it's true,
That more than half of our success
Was brot about by you.

You have strengthened heart and hand
And quickened soul and brain
And held me in the paths of truth
As well as soothed my pain;
And made me long to be a pure
And noble hearted man,
As day by day I saw you live
As pure as mortals can.

And, if at last I reach the goal,
A crown of life shall win,

And pass the shining gates of pearl
Forever free from sin;
I know that next to Him who died
To give eternal life,
I'll owe my crown to her who now
Is my beloved wife.

So come aside a little while,
Ere close this wedding-day;
I long to see your sunny smile,
I need to hear you say,
In tender tones with love-lit eyes,
"I will be thine for aye,"
Till fiery moods and fevered tense
From me shall pass away.

I need the strength your presence gives,
Your true and tender love
To keep me sweet while here below
And fit for heaven above.
You are more to me than all things else
In all this splendid life
My own beloved Sweetheart true,
And true sweet-hearted Wife.

Then play the sweet old wedding march,
Yes, play it soft and low,
That we may catch the glad refrain
Of vows made long ago;
The vows that brot us joy then,
The sweetest ever told;
Since we have proved each other's love
A deeper meaning hold.

Thru days of poverty and toil
And nights of heavy pain,
Across our tired and troubled hearts
Those vows have ever lain;
A balm and pledge of better days
With each returning sun,—
Have held us with a deathless love
And truly made us one.

With heart to heart and hand in hand,
God's sunshine over all,
We are happy in each other's love
Whatever shall befall.
We journey onward day by day,

True love shall fail us never,—
Each for the other, both for God,
Forever and forever.

TWENTY-THIRD WEDDING

Three and twenty falls gone by
I met a charming lass:
When we played "The Needle's Eye"
She would not let me pass.

I marked her rosy face so bright
She winked a roguish eye:
She murmured "I can train you right,"—
I said "I wish you'd try."

It was a merry chase she led
Until the parson came
To say some words she wanted said
Before she took my name.

I'm sure that I some vows did take
But, alas! she never can

Of me a model husband make
For I'm not a model man.

But she has done the best she could,
She has filled my life with joy:
Tho I am not so very good
I'm a mighty happy boy.

TWENTY-FOURTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

To the wife of my heart, the strength of my life
The Glory and Crown of Life's ways:
Giving Joy for my sorrows, and Peace for my strife,—
This song of thanksgiving I raise.

For twenty-four years, 'mid Life's hopes and fears,
A spring of unfailing delight,
Enriching my joys, and sharing my tears,
With a face that is heavenly bright.

As sunny and true as the angels above,—
She has come like a priestess of old,
To my Temple of Life, offering incense of Love
More precious than rubies and gold.

Like heaven's own music, her voice to my heart,—

Love-lighted her beautiful eyes;
Each day she is making my home-life a part,
Of that city beyond the blue skies.

Unfailingly rich in the work of her Lord,
Tho in poverty's ways she hath trod;
She has lived the sweet life, in deed and in word,
That is hid with her Saviour, in God.

With a spirit as sweet as the Roses of June,
Love as fresh as the mornings of May.
She holds for me now, in the fullness of noon
Rich charms that can never decay.

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Your charms and beauty increases
With the passing of twenty-five years.
The joy of your loving ne'er ceases.
The days are all bringing new leases
Of peace, that will not go to pieces,
Nor be banished by sorrow or tears.

Your life is as sweet as the nectar
That distills in the roses of spring:
In the battle of life you're a victor—
Of my joys, chief source and director
A help-mate divine, a protector.
For me every blessing you bring.

You're good as the essence of sweetness;
You are patient, sunny and true:
In appearance, the sum of all neatness—
With a marvelous bump of discreetness,
For twenty-five years an enchantress
The most wonderful earth ever knew.

Now, at our first silver wedding
I'm sure the truth should be told:

Altho, we have seen some hard sledding
As the maze of Life we've been treading,
Judged by the joy you've been spreading,
Your worth can't be measured by gold.

Of all my dear lads, you're the Mother—
Perfect Mother, and perfect as Wife:
Tho my sons, they seem as a brother
Each one just as fine as the other—
As I chum with one, then another:
You refine and enrich all my life.

When we shall reach a gold wedding
Some twenty-five years up the line.
Joy-measures with you I'll be treading
As out from that station we're heading
Sweet smiles will your face be o'erspread-
ing,—
And still you'll be charming and fine.

TWENTY-SIXTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

The charm of her glorious beauty
Now hints at the fullness of noon.
But really, she's still in her youth-time
All laden with fragrance and bloom.

For sweetness, earth holds none above her
Her goodness seems almost divine.
To know her, is surely to love her,—
This wonderful woman of mine.

For twenty-six years I have known her
As sweetheart, as mother and wife.
To me she brings riches and honor,—
The glory and crown of my life.

In her is combined all the graces
In such a beautiful, wonderful way,
That ever, at all times and places,
Her presence turns night into day.

Full of mystery as nature's own moving
New blessings each day she will bring:
New forms and expressions of loving,—
Heart-songs that she only can sing.

So happy and hopeful I'm treking
'Mid pathways of infinite worth.
With worry and trouble not recking
For she makes a heaven on earth.

TWENTY-SEVENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Today Life's cup with Joy is full
With blessings runneth over.
For she who gave her heart and hand
Is with me still (both sweet and bland),
I am a favored lover.

Tho twenty-seven years have flown
Since wedded bliss first blessed me
Still, full for me the love lights shine

In hazel eyes of Sweetheart, mine:
Her voice and love yet rest me.

She fills life's currents rich and strong
As sun in mid-day splendor.
All days are short when she is nigh
And all the years slip quickly by,
'Neath a spell both sweet and tender.

I can't grow old—she keeps me young
This splendid wife and mother.
I'll stay with her while life may last
And with her still my fortune cast
In the next world, or some other.

TWENTY-EIGHTH WEDDING DAY ANNIVERSARY.

With every grace of mind and heart
Possessed by human being:
She brings no woe, creates no strife,
She is the bloom and charm of life,
A true and sweetly perfect wife,
She is my blessing.

A full-grown woman every way,
Yet daily, hourly growing;
She has an easy working plan
To take a wayward, freaky man
And help as only woman can,
She is my blessing.

For eight and twenty years agone
She's kept my pulses thrilling;
She is most fair of form and face
And always sweet, without a trace
Of grouch or gloom in any place,
She is my blessing.

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With half-shut eyes and puzzling look
She often sets me guessing;
I cannot tell from day to day
Nor judge from past her future play,
But I can truly, safely say,
She is my blessing.

So here's my prayer, my lovely wife,
This August-May-Day Wedding;
"Oh may you still be young and gay
When a thousand years have passed away
To keep me sweet and glad for aye,"
My all in all, sweet blessing.

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